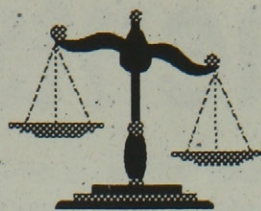


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Quid Novi



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UNIVERSITÉ MCGILL FACULTÉ DE DROIT
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April 4, 1994
Le 4 avril, 1994

Why I Am a Feminist

Robert Valdmanis
LLB III

I understand that many eyebrows were raised when I enrolled in Legal Feminist Theory this semester. I have three brothers and no sisters. I graduated high school from an all boys school. In my life I have spent at least as much time in the locker room as I have in the classroom. Given my traditional "European white male" upbringing, the choice to study Legal Feminist Theory was not an obvious one for me. I now believe that it should be a required course in every law school.

When I first started law school, the very term "feminism" appeared to me to exclude men (for this reason I am still unsure if it is the most appropriate label). Further, because the entire spectrum of political perspectives can fall under the label "feminism", a man can feel under attack from all sides. Standing in the political cross-fire from the left and right,

the only common denominators which are apparent are 1) I am a man 2) They are "feminists". The unfortunate conclusion is that I am being attacked by feminists because I am a man.

In fact, feminism is one of the most interesting and dynamic areas of current legal thought (this is probably also the case in other faculties). In essence, feminism is about giving women their voices. Part of this equation involves men growing ears. I believe I learned a lot this year, much of it about how to listen. Interestingly enough, this could be the most important legal skill not taught at law school.

I often wonder how many times I have not been heard because I did not speak softly enough. I know of a great many times when I stopped listening because something was too loud. When people feel threatened, fearful or excluded, they tend to listen less and close their minds.

The more men attempt to understand the phenomenon of feminism, the less threatened they will feel, and the sooner they will realize that it represents a tremendous opportunity for personal growth.

In studying Legal Feminist Theory, one is exposed to many different approaches, and some highly-developed critics. Within feminism, one must accept that there are opposing schools of thought. No one can accept all of the thinking which falls under the rubric of feminism, but everyone should expose themselves to it. It is refreshing to know that one can disagree with a feminist and still be a feminist and a man at the same time.

I recommend that more people choose to take this course, as it helps to round out our legal education and make us more aware, sensitive and understanding lawyers, citizens and people.

FRIENDLY MANITOBA

Paul Brown

LLB III [Artistic Director]

[Eds. Note: Eds. Notes not written by the author are in italics]

Oh man.

This is late. Very.

Too bad.

What can he do...fire me?

[Eds. Note: No, but the Quid Novi Constitution allows impeachment.]

In the October 12, 1992 issue of the *Quid* (Vol. XIII, No. 4 for the Law Journal people who share the same floor [Eds. Note: Read basement] as the *Quid* staff and have such a fixation for citing things right that they write books all about it.¹ Question: Is that normal?), Jay Sinha; LLB II (as he then was (why do they insist on using that expression?)) wrote an article entitled "Dispelling Myths About ... Winnipeg." Fine *Quid* journalism. It

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Announcements / Annonces

MCGILL LAW JOURNAL/REVUE DE DROIT DE MCGILL

The first issue of volume 39 is now available at Sadie's! Please drop by and pick up your copy.

International Environmental Law

Heather Forton, Head of Environmental Law in the Legal Operations Division of the Department of External Affairs will be speaking about "Recent Issues in the Canadian International Environmental Law Negotiating Practice". She will be visiting the research seminar "International Environmental Law" on April 11, 1994 (2:30-4:30, Room 203). Guests are welcome, but should call Professor Brunnée for more information.

Placement Office News

The Placement Office Committee invites those who have firm brochures or other research information that they no longer need to donate them to the Placement Office. Please leave such materials at the P. O. or with Barbara Kerr at USO.

On a sorrier note, two books, the "Quebec Legal Directory" and the "1993 Hoffman Career Handbook" have gone missing from the P.O. In addition, notices are being removed and not replaced from the notice boards. The P.O. materials are for the use of all students for 1-2 hours at a time. Surely, honesty is something that we can count on!! Certain publications will now be available on reserve at the library.

CASEBOOK AND RESEARCH ASSISTANCE

Professor de Mestral requires assistance revising course materials in Droit constitutionnel, EEC I and Law and Practice of International Trade. The period of employment would be 8 weeks. Work could begin immediately or for the period MAY-JUNE. La documentation pour Droit constitutionnel est en français. Students interested are requested to call 398-6643 and to leave a brief résumé in Professor de MESTRAL's mailbox.

Reminders from your user-friendly Office of

Undergraduate Studies

Attention Exchange/Visiting Students: Are you in your graduating year? If so, please see Christine Gervais in the Office of Undergraduate Studies as soon as possible.

No lost lambs... Students registered in Judicial Review of Administrative Action (both sections) and Judicial Law and Evidence should be sure they know the location of their examination room well in advance of the scheduled exam date. **These examinations are not being written in Chancellor Day Hall. Check Board No.3.**

Are you SURE you have your second term exam number? Don't wait until the first day of exams to get yours. The additional stress of standing around in the USO ten minutes before exam time waiting to get yours just isn't worth it!

Further reminders, as promised:

- (i) no computers are allowed into examination rooms;
- (ii) deadline for second term papers and term essays is **Friday, 22nd April, 5:00 pm** unless an earlier date has been established.

Stressed out? Can't cope? Pre-exam anxieties? Don't suffer another minute. There is fast, confidential help available. See Christine Gervais in the Office of Undergraduate Studies for details.

Notice to all first year students: upon successful completion of your year you will be admitted automatically to the National Programme. If you wish to opt out, come to the USO to complete the necessary form.

ATTENTION!! ATTENTION!!

Students graduating in 1995. Do you plan to take **BUSINESS ORGANISATIONS** or **CIVIL LITIGATION** next year? If so, you will need a password to register.

As enrolment limits are very small for both these courses, we will assign passwords in the fairest possible way.

From the date that Course Selection Materials become available (anticipated date 15 April) students in their graduating year will have two weeks (ten full

working days) to give their names to the Office of Undergraduate Studies. Names will then be picked randomly and passwords given out.

Other courses which will require a password to register are: Business Associations, Business Organisations, Civil Litigation, Evidence and Successions. Consult your Registration Materials for complete details.

Student Mail Boxes in the USO are clogged with unclaimed mail, messages, packages and something which scurried away when I approached it. Please check the box for items which might bear your name.

Jane, Isabelle, Angie and Christine wish all students the very best of luck with Spring exams.

WORLD-WIDE WEB

The faculty is now in the midst of developing a WWW (World-Wide Web) site on the Internet with a view to accessing and providing electronic legal information. Students interested in pursuing this project should contact Prof. Richard Janda at 398-5097 or by E-mail at richard@falaw.lan.mcgill.ca. We are especially anxious to contact students with some computer expertise.

BCE shareholder has ticket to annual shareholder meeting, Toronto, April 27th. Call Brett 278-5124 if you want to go. In the opinion of Greg Firnau this is the Canadian shareholder meeting to attend.

YEARBOOK: Res Ipsa Loquitur

Do you have some time to help out with putting the yearbook together? Please leave a message in Res Ipsa Loquitur box in the LSA Office. There is lots to do and there are few volunteers.

LEGAL EASE - the law school talkshow

Tune in every second Friday on CKUT 90.3 from 11:30 a.m. - 12:00 noon with hosts Melanie Parsons and Patrick Martin.

Next Show = Friday, April 8th at 11:30 a.m. ...please tune in.

-> if you would like to guest host a show please contact Patrick or Melanie.

ATTENTION! Les gens suivantes peuvent ramasser leurs disques de la boîte du Quid Novi au bureau

d' AED/The following people may pick up their disks from the Quid Novi box at the LSA Office:

Adam Atlas, Isabel Mackie, Bruno Guillot-Hurtoboise, Gary F. Bell, Laurence Detière, Marie-Andrée Vermette, ELAM, Jody Berkes, Kim Schenk, George Tamassy, Noah Stern.

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EDITORIAL: Le travail c'est la santé, ne rien faire c'est la protéger

Le travail n'a jamais tué personne. Le repos non plus

Lorsque les examens arrivent, on trouve une myriade de raisons pour rattrapper le temps perdu...plus tard. Une des façons d'aller à la recherche du temps perdu, tout en étant sûr de ne pas le trouver, est d'écrire pour le Quid. C'est aussi une façon d'éviter la colère de l'éditeur en chef qui a choisi d'écrire l'article de l'année cette semaine, plutôt que l'éditorial. Il faut dire que c'est aussi sa façon de contribuer à mes tactiques évasives d'études.

Un article. 99% de transpiration, 0% d'inspiration?

Le premier obstacle à tout article est l'idée. Les écrivains utilisent diverses méthodes d'inspiration, les meilleurs idées n'étant bien sûr générées par aucun système particulier [ou plutôt le système D], sauf le jeu du hasard. Pour ma part, il semble que je passe un nombre ridicule d'heures sur les quais de métro et aux arrêts d'autobus à attendre, non pas pour mon transport, mais pour être frappée par une idée du tonnerre. Cependant, ce genre d'idée frappe moins souvent que la foudre (notez le jeu de mot), et le plus souvent, surtout en ce printemps boueux, on finit par être frappé par des giclées de boue, ou bien l'angoisse des examens, ce qui est contre-productif au développement créatif.

J'ai trop d'énergie pour travailler

Il semble que pour ce dernier numéro du Quid du semestre, tous les participants veulent écrire un article récapitulatif de l'année scolaire passée. Année trop longue pendant les heures de cours (cour de récréation?), trop courte pendant les week-ends et les Jeux

Ridiques, et *beaucoup* trop courte quand on arrive à une semaine des examens et qu'on se rend compte de tout ce qui n'a pas été fait (voir ci-dessus "les week-ends et les Jeux Ridiques"), et tout ce qui reste à faire, et qu'on n'a pas envie de faire, parce qu'en fait, on a autre chose (de mieux!) à faire. Notez que si vous voulez une meilleure vue de Montréal, ou de vos voisins, vous n'avez qu'à empiler tous les résumés de cours, et les casebooks, et les livres, et j'en passe, et vous asseoir sur le haut de cette tour de Babel. Mais rappelez vous aussi que en haut de tout ça, vous risquez d'avoir le mal des hauteurs (ou plutôt des auteurs), vu que l'oxygène se raréfie en haute altitude. Pour ma part, je voulais capter l'instant présent, notamment l'arrivée fulgurante des examens.

Et les dieux en colère. pour punir les humains, firent venir sur la terre...l'empereur Justinien

Plus de 1 000 ans plus tard, nous sommes toujours en train d'essayer de comprendre ce que cet homme, certainement un peu sadique, codifia pour nous, oui juste pour nous. Et à une semaine des examens, même une année de droit est difficile à apprendre. Ceci dit, le travail ne cesse de me fasciner. En effet, je peux le regarder pendant des heures. Il faut donc diminuer notre dose avant qu'elle ne nous diminue.

L'école c'est comme l'alcool. Faut pas en abuser.

Il semble aussi que beaucoup d'élèves tentent de diminuer leur dose d'alcool en période de préparation aux examens (médicaux??), puisque l'alcool est l'ennemi.

Mais fuir l'ennemi est lâche. Alors...? Et alors? l'alcool tue lentement, c'est pas grave, on n'est pas pressé.

Le savoir c'est comme la confiture, le moins on en a, le plus on l'étale.

Ce vieil adage pourrait, en faculté de droit être remplacé par quelque chose qui incarnerait la notion des résumés de cours. En effet, le savoir, c'est comme les notes de cours; le moins on en a, le plus on photocopie.

Se taire en classe c'est respecter le sommeil des autres

Une petite théorie a aussi été élaborée sur le savoir: plus on en a, plus on parle en classe. Soit-disant que les questions des uns aident le reste de la classe. Sans aucun doute, ça aide à angoisser ceux qui n'ont pas fait leurs lectures, et ce depuis deux mois. Beaucoup de retardataires [à ne pas confondre avec les retardés] optent pour une approche très passive aux examens. Leur motto: Le savoir c'est comme un parachute. Quand on n'en a pas, on s'écrase... devant la télé. Bref, il y a toujours la veille de l'examen, ou la peur d'être obligé de le reprendre en Août incite l'étudiant perdu à faire plus de travail dans les 6 heures qui précèdent l'examen, que pendant tout le semestre.

Une dernière note. Dans le désir de maintenir la tradition avrilienne des examens, le Samedi 30 Avril à 8:30 a.m., dans le bureau du Quid, il y aura une séance d'examen pour contrôler si vous avez bien tous lu le Quid cette année...ou si le résumé qui circule est bien complet!

Some Random Thoughts

Jay Sinha
LLB III [Editor-in-Chief]

It's 11:01 p.m. on Tuesday, March 29 and it's time to say goodbye. This is the last Quid Novi issue for the academic year 1993-1994.

I suppose I could go through the year chronologically and regale you with anecdotal highs and lows. Since Jody and Josh have ably done so, I will, instead, share some random thoughts with you.

Earlier this evening, I did a presentation on how the

newspaper media has affected public opinion concerning the North American Agreement on Environmental Cooperation (one of the side accords to NAFTA). Media, public opinion, free trade, the environment - they are all powerful entities. When you look at how they interrelate in a single context it is impossible to elucidate all the consequent permutations and combinations. This is especially true when you factor in human nature. In the post-presentation discussion we talked mostly politics - hidden agendas on a grand global scale. Hence the fixation with unknowns. This is my first set of random thoughts.

The law is also a powerful entity. After three years of law school I am still considering what it is, what it means to me and what effect it will have on the rest of my life. I have learned that I neither hate it nor love it. It intrigues me and scares me. I am intrigued by its intricacy and variety. I am scared by its power.

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even got reprinted in the University of Manitoba newspaper.²

Jay's article praises the glory of Winnipeg-on-the-Prairies-Centre-of-the-Universe-etc-etc-etc. Winnipeggers are acknowledged as superhumans who can flourish in -30C to -40C temperatures where mere mortals cannot (something about knowing the merits of a few good industrial-sized dehumidifiers strategically placed throughout the city...). Jay blabbed on about how friendly everyone was in Winnipeg and how it benefitted from a diverse "patchwork of ethnic communities." Winnipeg has folk festivals. Winnipeg has St-Boniface, the largest French-speaking community in Western Canada. Winnipeg has "a full-time professional ballet, opera, symphony and theatre company"³, three universities, the largest free zoo in North America, and "the only permanent casino in Canada."⁴

It was more powerful than me. I couldn't resist. I actually went to Winnipeg last summer.

I felt guilty. I had been bugging Jay about the Winnipeg diaspora for over a year. It seemed like every other day he'd bump into someone and, funny thing, it would be yet *another* Winnipegger. It was obvious that there is a large expatriate community of Winnipeggers in Montreal fleeing from something in the West. Jay had been ridiculed for so long that he felt compelled to defend his hometown in the *Quid*. After that article, I felt obliged to make a pilgrimage to this occidental Mecca counter-current to the prevailing winds.⁵ Just call it an empirical test to see how "Friendly Manitoba" is.

For the 45 minutes that I waited for Jay to pick me up (apparently he was confused about what flight I was on and he didn't realize that there are two sides to the airport – *good story* – just how many flights are there and how big can Winnipeg's airport be? He must have forgotten me, [Eds. Note: Now wait a second here. Yes, I was mistaken about what flight he was on. However, I had a good magazine with me so I thought I would just wait at one end. He neglects to mention that we met in the middle when both of us realized that the other might be at the other end.]) I was neither mugged nor snarled at (we're taking nothing for granted here...). So far so

good.

I can't comment on the nature of Winnipeg's winters firsthand as I went there in the summer. They must have put all the dehumidifiers away because we drove all over Winnipeg and didn't see any. Jay didn't know what I was talking about when I asked him where they were [Eds. Note: No comment.]; seems that he doesn't remember writing about how dry the winters are in Winnipeg (hereinafter Wg – you try trying Winnipeg out 3 (now 4) times in one paragraph). Must be all that cold freezing the grey cells.

I can comment on the Wg summers though. I'm persuaded that they have permafrost there even though *everyone* denies it. My theory is that the soil only thaws a couple of feet down during the summers, just enough for the ubiquitous wheat to grow. The problem is that the water cannot drain anywhere so it floods their wheat fields. My first sight of Wg was actually that of wheat fields just outside the city entirely covered with water. I was told that the mighty swollen river that circled the city was actually a floodway carved into the frozen prairie to protect the city from the annual floodwaters.

There is a big problem with water on flat land. Since it cannot drain away, it just sits there.

And sits there.

And sits there.⁶

And breeds mosquitoes.

Wg has to be the only city in the world that has mosquito alerts during the summer, warning people about the next assault wave of the airborne bloodsuckers.

I was lucky. I left 2 days before the next one was to hit.

But I digress – this is about "Friendly Manitoba."

Manitoba is friendly. It might have to do with the forced indoor socialization and mutual reliance that winter's arctic temperatures and summer's infestations impose (they have a public-order open-door law where people are always allowed to enter another's home to escape the elements). Manitoba is so friendly that they wrote it on their licence plates so they wouldn't allow anyone to forget: "Friendly Manitoba." There is a strong lobby group trying to change this to "I remember" to prove that they got the point, but there's

FRIENDLY

some unexpected and unexplained opposition in St-Boniface.

Manitoba is friendly, and not in the aggressive way that assaults you. *Have you ever been to one of those breakfast places that line the interstates on the way down to Florida?* It seems that in Georgia the employees are paid by the decibel for screeching "Helllllll-oooh, Guud Mahrneeng!" to you in unison (seriously!). I recommend that you try silently entering one early in the morning, and confuse the employees by pulling out a bullhorn and subjecting them to an amplified pre-emptive strike. Silence them through superior firepower.

Although the friendliness is not so extreme as that down south, it is not for everyone. Many a nasty Easterner has experienced the genuine Manitoban friendliness and snarled in reply to a stranger's quiet greeting of "Hello!" (*"How dare he do that! I mean I didn't say anything to him"*). Even the police are polite to Quebeckers who find themselves stopped, politely rebuked and fined for driving like, well, Quebeckers (i.e., cutting each other off, brushing back pedestrians at crosswalks, making left turns just before the light turns green and risking collision with those cars that will inevitably run the red lights).

Wg has a warm friendliness that eludes us here. It is the type of friendliness that makes it natural to walk holding hands with strangers⁷ to keep from getting lost in the pitch black at Victoria Beach at night.⁸

Wg has a warm friendliness that enables Wgers let an Easterner think that he has convinced them with his irrefutable logic that Toronto is the centre of Canada (ergo the world if we followed the reasoning of this masterful (so I thought) bit of pleading) without the faintest hint of patronizing. They're safe in their knowledge that there is a sign on the trans-Canada highway some 30 kilometres east of Wg marking the longitudinal centre of Canada [Eds. Note: Who needs patronizing when reality is on your side.].⁹

So with this idyllic friendliness, why the diaspora I asked myself? Ask any

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MANITOBA

(Continued from page 4)

of the ex-Wgers if they are planning on going back, and odds are that they aren't. It isn't as if they are fleeing Wgers as they tend to congregate together and reminisce about the good old days back west. Jay tells me that the recession wasn't so bad in Wg. Besides, who'd come here to find jobs anyway?

Perhaps it is just too cold and there are too many mosquitoes there. Perhaps it's because it is so flat that the wind builds up speed over the prairies and picks up people and blows them here.¹⁰ I don't know. [Eds. Note: It is not so much the city we flee. It is the comfortable familiarity of, perhaps, too safe a home. We seek the future, wherever it may be. Many of us will return, eventually, for a moment, or a lifetime. Home it will always be.] What I do know though is that their friendliness is infectious and Wg's loss is Montreal's gain. Perhaps in a few decades, Wg will be empty, but Montreal will be genuinely friendly, and "Je me souviens" will mean something only to the present Montreallers who will remember it as it was.

Canada could set up a programme to combat the population depletion this exodus of evangelical friendly missionaries causes. Our big cities now complain about receiving almost all the immigrants to Canada annually. If a condition on immigration was that everyone spend a couple of years in Wg braving the cold and the bugs, perhaps Wg would grow, the big cities would

stabilize in size, and there would be more Friendly Manitobans to go around.

No.

I'm sure some Easterner would put up a Charter challenge to stop it and would succeed. The Supreme Court is in the East after all.

Oh well, it was just a thought. [Eds. Note: Even if it did succeed, we wouldn't hold it against you. We'd ask you to come visit.]

¹ Eds. Note: This is great. I finally can do an Eds. Note footnote on my own article.[†] There's something so self-referential and self-congratulatory about it that it fits in well in a law school newspaper... [Eds. Note: There is something self-referential and self-congratulatory about you Mr. Happy-Go-lucky-with-the-Parentheses-and-Footnotes.]

[†] Almost forgot the reason for the footnote (which incidentally allowed me to do something else that I've been meaning to do for a while now - to footnote a footnote) which was to tell you that I showed this to one of those law-journal-type people and he told me that it was cited incorrectly and then proceeded to look up how to cite it in the citation guide. As Jody would say, *Res Ipsa Loquitur*.

² Where, only coincidentally, one of his buddies works... [Eds. Note: Is it really a coincidence that a Manitoban would work for "The Manitoban". Anyhow, Geoff ran the article primarily as an excuse to include a picture of Winnie-the-Pooh. I bet you didn't know the original Pooh bear was from Winnipeg.]

³ Is this an all-in-one package deal? [Eds. Note: Nope, but that's an interesting idea. Certainly worthy of consideration given that Winnipeg is a hotbed of experimental, multi-media art.]

⁴ Did I mention that this article was late?

[Eds. Note: Yeah, yeah, why not just skip the damn footnotes and get on with the article.]

⁵ Tell me Jay (as if I could avoid getting an Eds. Note from him on this one [Eds. Note: Alas, the poor Mississaugian has gone home for Easter - How could he have known I would give him a deluge?!]) are there as many Winnipeggers west of Manitoba, or can we explain this by the Westerlies? [Eds. Note: I must admit, a lot of friends have moved out to Vancouver, probably eight to ten from my high school graduating class alone. Some went for the Rockies. Some went for the windsurfing. Some just went.]

⁶ And sits there.

And sits there...

⁷ That's an Eastern word that doesn't really seem to apply in this case. A friend of your friend is your friend too, so if even if you don't know them, they're still not strangers. [Eds. Note: A friend is a friend is a friend is friend is a friend... if only it were contagious world-wide.]

⁸ Which, in fact, is not a bad place to get lost at night with friendly Manitobans...not that I know though, you know.

⁹ I know, we passed it on a four-hour round-trip drive to Minaki, Ontario, to visit for half an hour, just long enough to get snarled at and let me get over my homesickness. [Eds. Note: The importance of this trip must not be understated. While travelling the distance between Winnipeg and Minaki, one witnesses a poignant and uniquely Canadian transition - that from Prairie to Canadian Shield; from endless fields of edible gold bathed in overwhelming crimson sunsets to rolling pre-cambrian hills dotted with emerald lakes and jade conifers... heavy sigh.]

¹⁰ This is the reason I need to know if there are as many Wgers west of Wg... [Eds. Note: Well, put it this way - it would not surprise me if there are, and if there are... well, I think we would have a lot to talk about if ever we met.]



JODYTALK

This being my last "Jodytalk" of the term, before we go any further, I'd like to respond to some of the comments that I've been receiving from the journalist's eternal foe, the editor. Yes, it is true that as of late, my column has become rather intermittent and, sometimes, AWOL.

(That's because, unlike my editors, I have a life! [Eds. Note: *Res Ipsa Loquitur*])

Additionally, they have missed something that you, no doubt, appreciate. Namely, that quality, not quantity, makes "Jodytalk."

Furthermore, even on the weeks when I submit a column, they either ignore my formatting, neglect to put quotes around something I've quoted, such as Justice Brandeis' remarkable words (March 21, 1994 XIV *Quid Novi* 22 at 6),

or they invariably insert some frivolous comment such as, "...we feel compelled to remind all Jodytalkers that there is more to the *Quid Novi* than 'Jodytalk'..." (November 29, 1993 XIV *Quid Novi* 12 at 4). Hello, I think we all know that! "Jodytalk" is usually about a page long, and the average *Quid Novi* is 5-7 pages. Among those other 4-6 pages is the editorial, which comes in handy if you're out of birdcage liner, and the announcements. So, in deference to my editorial staff, I think everyone should read the announcements as well as "Jodytalk." In all seriousness though, I'd like to thank the editorial staff of the *Quid Novi* for making it possible for me to publicly vent my spleen on a regular basis. You've saved me millions of dollars and countless hours in therapy. Selah [Eds. Note: *Anytime. Thank you*].

For my last column, I thought I'd

share with you some of the highlights and lowlights of the past year:

Highlights: Welcome Week! Much festing and no studying. There was still sunshine to be had, pool to be shot and drinking to be done.

So many freshmen and freshwomen and oh so little time. My first call at the legal clinic, you know that crazy guy, no not Dean Morissette, the other crazy guy.

Lowlights: Being introduced to a two volume casebook, supplementary materials, the CBCA, and a library full of reserve reading. Things going from bad to worse. Being called everything from a grumbling dog, to the whole class being declared *personae non gratiae*. Trying to do a three hour midterm in an hour and a half, and a four hour final in two and a half hours. Let me just set one thing straight. A high six figure salary is never, never irrelevant.

Highlights: Out with the old and in with the new. Associate Deans Harvison-Young and Jukier for proving that you can give someone the straight dope without being a cold, heartless lawyer, and for lovely singing at Skit Nite.

Lowlights: Watching the sun come up for the second time and still not having my factum done. Parallel cites, computer meltdown, the legal research and writing handbook, and the Canadian Cite Guide to Uniform Legal Citation. Comments like, "You could have skipped an extra line between paragraphs," after each paragraph. Doing three credits of work for half a credit of recognition.

Highlights: Mooting judges who asked intelligent, probing and relevant questions. "Opening the floodgates to a Dickensian Frenzy of Capitalism...", Thomson House decompression, and dinner afterward with some marvelous mooters and not bad friends either.

Lowligh: A certain final in a certain criminal class.

Highlight: LAW GAMES!!!! Nuff said.

JODY

Highlights: The tag team match of G & G. Fighting the good fight by trying to make torture seem fun. Seisins changing, and *The Weekly World News*.

Lowlights: Being pummelled like red-headed stepchildren. Determining an award of costs in a judicial action. The tenorial system and the Rule in Shelley's Case. Rumour has it the following exchange took place at a well known Ivy League Law School, "None of you is going to understand the Rule in Shelley's Case, so I'm not going to bother teaching it." But I digress.

Lowlights: The legal memorandum that wouldn't end. More parallel citation, etc...

Highlights: A sincere thank you to a certain professor for finishing the class early so that we can have time to prepare for his final. It seems utterly crazy that all professors don't follow this model, or that the administration hasn't figured out that if you end class on a Wednesday and start finals on a Thursday that we have no time to assimilate the information. Anyway, thank you Professor Toope. Unfortunately, I'm afraid that in all likelihood your exam will make my lowlights next year.

Highlights: A sentencing research seminar with some of the best instructors I've ever met. Certainly the best class that I've had to date. This class is a must for anyone interested in the criminal justice system, or for anyone interested in meeting some of the brightest lawyers, judges, and professors from across Canada.

Highlights: New friends and old friends. The social events of the year. Next time, let's try bright and casual!

That's the skinny on the year folks. I may have missed a couple of things here and there, but I think that I've nailed the

WALK

can do well. You must remember it is all arbitrary and ephemeral, though some would tell you otherwise. The only thing that's real is the free Coffee Houses (my eternal gratitude to George Sopel and Roland Legault). Take

break, the warmth of the April sunshine on my translucent skin often renders me light-headed and giddy. At springtime, a man's fancy often turns to love, and so, I proposed to my girlfriend Hilary last month.

essentials. Oh, I forgot one thing...

Highlight of the Year: Weekly dose of Jodytalk.

And now for something completely different. At law school, the goal is to break you and to turn you into a factum-writing, mootng, case-commenting, finals-taking machine. They seek to brainwash you through radical temperature shifts, lack of sleep, poor food, and the illusion that if you study your ass off, you

a deep breath folks, and get ready to sprint to the finish. The end of the world is near; or is it the end of term? I often confuse the two. I hope that you've enjoyed your time with me and if you did, please let me know. I'll be around all summer and if you are too, please come and volunteer at the McGill Legal Information Clinic.

OK kids, time to get your caffeine and summaries. Spring finals are harder for me to deal with than winter finals. During winter finals, the weather forces me indoors, and makes it easier to study. On the other hand, now that the weather is starting to

Jody Berkes is a second year law student who thinks that the International Court of Justice is neither a Court, nor Just. He will be going on summer vacation, but will return next year when his column will be entitled Quid Jody [Eds. Note: hmmm...]. Res Ipsa Loquitur.

JODYTALK

The Quid Novi wishes Hilary and Jody all the best in the future.

Some Random Thoughts

(Continued from page 3)

I think people put too much trust in lawyers,

as they do with doctors. This I learned in second year while working at the McGill Legal Information Clinic. Some of the problems I encountered were not legal problems, they were human problems disguised as legal problems. Once the legal problem was solved, the human problem would continue. How equipped are lawyers to deal with such situations? Now, as I go through the interview process this problem of misplaced trust becomes more and more evident. This is my second set of random thoughts.

A few nights ago I dreamt that I was a bald eagle. It was quite exhilarating to fly, or rather, soar; something I have always wanted to do. I think that is why I love sports such as skiing, windsurfing and rowing, where one can really feel the speed. Jonathan Livingston Seagull has always been one of my mentors. The bald motif is pertinent since I have begun to lose a lot of hair. Seeing as my father sports a baldness of the

"except-around-the-edges" type, I've always wondered when it would happen to me. I've been assured by my sister and a genetics course that I will never go bald because the relevant gene is maternal and my mother's line are/were all fully haired. Ah well, I'll still be me regardless. So what does the dream mean? I think it is symbolic of the compromises that life is full of. I go bald, but I get to fly. This is my third and, for now, last set of random thoughts.

What do such random thoughts have to do with a year of Quid Novi's? Perhaps nothing, but the point is that there is definitely an element of randomness to the Quid Novi. In fact, the Quid is your forum for random (and ordered) thoughts. We have tried, with varying degrees of success, to be both entertaining and substantive. I encourage anyone who is at all interested to get involved with the Quid next year. We are not nearly as intimidating or critical as some seem to think. We welcome all in any capacity.

A special thank you to all who have been involved this year. You have made the whole thing possible.

After a year of Quid-making my one hope is this: I hope we have made your life in law just a little richer. Cheers.

FOUR YEA

Andreas Sautter

**Nat IV [and the ex-future
Editor-in-Chief]**

Jester: So, what's law all about?

Law Student: Couldn't tell you. I flunked Foundations.

Jester: Foundations? Are you a McGill Law student by chance?

LS: Oui.

Jester: I hear it's tough to get in.

LS: The front door fools everyone at first.

Jester: No, I mean as a student.

LS: The trick is to convince them, in an intelligent fashion, that you're unlike anybody else.

Jester: Could someone like me get in?

LS: Hmmm. Don't think they've ever admitted a jester. What's your training?

Jester: Fool at court for ten years.

LS: You mean you're already a

lawyer?

Jester: No, no. I entertain the king. Its an office at leisure.

LS: I see. They'd probably like that. You'd come in handy at Skit Nite. Do you do imitations of constitutional law professors?

Jester: No. But I do neo-pinko commie liberals. Say, I'm worried about fitting in. I dress rather unusually.

LS: Not to fret. At the Law Faculty, individuality is cherished.

Jester: But my costume has orange and green stripes. And my hat has jester bells.

LS: The orange and green is a plus. It will get you noticed by the profs. The bells might be a problem. Are they louder than a keyboard on a laptop?

Jester: Oh, I don't plan on going to class often. I understand it's possible to get an "A" just using a summary.

LS: Don't know. Never did it myself.

Jester: Get an "A"?

LS: Uh....no. Rely on just a summary.

Jester: There are always the notes of other people.

LS: I'd be careful. Some students are fairly touchy on that issue.

Jester: But what if I'm part of their clique?

LS: It goes deeper than that. Are you planning to do the National Programme?

Jester: I'm worried about Quebec separating. The common law influence would be lost.

LS: I wouldn't worry. The contingency plan is the Binational Programme. The McGill Law Faculty would become an immovable belonging to TROC (the rest of Canada) on Quebec territory.

Jester: Even the library?

LS: They may give it to Quebec to get funding for new books.

Bonne chance dans vos examens!

RS AFTER

to get funding for new books.

Jester: It seems like a dubious arrangement.

LS: Quebec has a new Civil Code. Combine that with the concept of sovereignty, and it will take eons before anyone figures it out.

Jester: But that's only a temporary solution.

LS: You'll get used to that at McGill.

Jester: Are you satisfied with your McGill Law education?

LS: Theoretically. I'm a bit weak in the Latin pronunciation.

Jester: Don't they offer Roman law?

LS: *Quid Novi* is about as close as they get.

Jester: Your accent is not as bad as you think. But no, Roman law seems a serious deficiency in a civil law degree.

LS: Here at McGill, we figure if we can handle a policy question, we're doing alright.

Jester: But can anyone speak Latin?

LS: I've never heard it at Coffee House. Not even by the profs.

Jester: Do all the professors go to Coffee House?

LS: The regulars, always. The Dean, never.

Jester: Does the Dean not like the Coffee?

LS: I believe he brews his own. I've never seen him in the Pit cafeteria.

Jester: The Pit...?

LS: The dungeon of the law school.

Jester: Is that where they banish the students when they fail?

LS: Medieval concepts have generally been abolished... except in common law property.

Jester: Ah...a course which may be relevant for me. Does the King still own all the property?

LS: It's "the Crown" now.

Jester: You call the king "the Crown"?

LS: (shrugging) Reification.

Jester: I've got a lot to learn.

LS: Bar school will fill the few gaps you may have after four years at McGill.

Jester: Do they offer "Jesters and the law"?

LS: Not in French.

Jester: An outrage.

LS: So you speak French and English?

Jester: And Latin.

LS: And you've been a jester for 10 years. I think you're qualified for McGill law.

Jester: Are the four years worth my while?

LS: Absolutely. Even if you don't understand Foundations.

Good luck on your exams!

Twelve Months and Eighteen Inches Later

Joshua Fireman
Ex-President

What a difference a year makes. Twelve months ago, I was sitting across the table facing six newly-elected members of the exec, wondering exactly the same thing they were: What *were* we in for? Would we be able to make this thing work? And would I eventually cave in, and cut my hair? The answers are now apparent: we were in for a mini-revolution, we worked as a cohesive unit, and I *did* cut my hair! Here, then, is a recap of the past twelve months...

April: Fresh and eager, we set about fulfilling our mandates. I cut two inches off my hair, and Mario, Tanya and Tara interview for the appointed positions. For some reason, I catch more flack from the public-at-large than they do. Go figure.

May-August: Tara and I are left alone in Montreal. We plot ways to make Mario carry the heaviest workload, and Roland the heaviest tables. Then, the early-registration disaster strikes, as a cry of frustration is heard from as far away as Winnipeg. Fred stuffs a sock in Ami's mouth, and H-Y proves herself to be unbelievably open to the problem, suggesting that a lottery might solve the logjam. I respond that an auction might produce greater revenue, but she pulls rank on me.

September: Orientation rivals *Miss Saigon* for Production of the Year. A strange energy seems to be washing over the faculty, as students actually *sign up for clubs!* The *Quid* finds itself with a reporting staff, and quickly decides to dispatch Laurence to cover LSA. We wake her up and send her home. And, Ruthie makes an excellent case for independence from SSMU.

October: If politics makes for strange bedfellows, then Law, Engineering and Management must look awfully strange, as they take their first tentative steps toward a united front. No hand-holding occurs.

November: The Dean's Selection

Committee starts to meet. Campbell complains about the quality of the sandwiches at her first interview. Kasirer snaps back that he's amazed she could decide which of her *two seats* to sit in. After Durnford separates them, Princess Di leaves in disgust. Meanwhile... Ruthie has just alienated 90% of the Faculty of Management, as I begin to rub my hands with glee. Things are coming together!

December: Tanya complains that her workload is becoming too heavy. I suggest that Mario take over the trophy case, since all he does is play *Minesweeper*, anyway. This is unanimously approved. Later in the month, I sacrifice a night of studying to meet with Versabec over cafeteria negotiations. Engineering and Management attend to lend moral support. Later that night, we take in some modern dance.

January: Noah narrowly avoids being crushed by a speeding truck. There is no truth to the rumour that it was driven by Allyson. Law Games goes off without a hitch, as arrests reach an all-time low. We come close to choosing the new Dean, but Roger Clinton implicates himself in a sex scandal with [censored]. We begin our search for the missing Clinton brother.

February: No luck on the Clinton front. The Committee asks Dean Morissette to serve a second term, as we continue our search. After scraping the egg off of Leggett's window, we opt to look within the Faculty. On the SSMU front, Marriott endears itself to us all by opting to raise prices rather than improve service. We all hope that this improves their bottom line.

March: Things are coming to a close. Our term ends in mere weeks, and we are already being referred to as "lame ducks" in the hallways. I ignore this, but have a great deal of trouble getting Noah to leave the inner office, as he keeps muttering "mine, mine...". One promise left to keep, if only to shut up Nerenberg. On Saturday the 19th, the scissors come out.

In all seriousness, this LSA accomplished as much, if not more, than any other has

done in the past. We established office hours (no one came), banned lunching in the office (they stuck like burrs) and linked up to the Net (no one called). But hey, those lines of communication were always open!

This year actually signalled the beginning of a new direction for the way the LSA functions. It was decided that fund raising would all be brought under a single umbrella committee; Sadie's and the cafeteria contract were put under review, as was our entire relationship with the SSMU. The LSA declared itself open for business, and ran itself as such. In the end, we are on firmer financial ground than ever before, and you can expect more and more services over the years as a result of this change.

The LSA worked *for the students*. We didn't allow ourselves to be bogged down in useless exercises of procedural navel-gazing. Our new Club Of the Year Award is just one example of how quickly (three weeks from idea to inception) this organization can move when it is focused. All the class reps and Faculty Council members made this possible, and every student in this faculty owes them a thank you.

As for the others? George Sopel never met a free Coffee House he didn't set up. Tara has volunteered to make sure that next year's *bottin* is out by the end of September, and is looking forward to never holding another Teaching Excellence meeting again. With Allyson on her way out, the office will never look the same again, although she is happy that I will never have to give her another late agenda item. Mario says that he is taking *Minesweeper* home with him. Roland says that this will happen over his dead body. And, Marian doesn't care, because after a year's worth of SSMU meetings, he deserves to go to Singapore. Finally, Tanya never wants to hear the name Ugo again.

And me? I cut my hair, I'm about to hand my keys over to Noah, and I'm leaving the best job I ever had. Nothing is finished, but you'll all feel the results next year. It may shake the whole damn campus. And, one last word: *Thanks.*